

# THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

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## MORAL TALES.

SELECTED.

### Oriander.

In the charming recesses of the Levantine Valley, Oriander fed his flock, at the foot of those mountains, and on the same delightful spot, where his predecessors had lived, in peaceful obscurity, time immemorial.

Easy in mind, and secure in his retreat, he received his food from the hand of nature, nor sought other luxuries than those which his native fields and vineyards spontaneously afforded:

"The Senate's mad decrees he never saw,  
Nor heard at brawling courts corrupted law."

Honest labour procured him the blessings of Sufficiency, Health, and Repose, and he passed his early years in the enjoyment of those serene and blameless pleasures, which can be truly relished by those only whose minds have never been contaminated by an acquaintance with the world.

Oriander had reached the age of maturity when a gradual melancholy took possession of his heart: the sunny plain, that had been the scene of his youthful sports; the grove which had afforded him shade; and the dashing cascade, that had so often shared his attention, and yielded a crystal beverage to his little flock, had lost their various charms. Lonely and disconsolate, he wandered along the sides of the mountain; and as he plucked the purple clusters, which blushed through their auburn foliage, he fancied their smell less fragrant, and their flavour insipid.

As he was one day lamenting to himself that his lot was to waste his years in obscurity, and expressing a wish to launch out into the world, to experience the variety and the pleasures which he conceived existed in public life, and of which he had formed the most enchanting ideas, a venerable old man, with hair white as snow, advancing through an avenue, approached, and accosting him with a look of filial concern, expressed a desire to become acquainted with the cause of his discontent. They sat down on an adjacent bank, and Oriander opened the secret anguish which wrung his heart.

The old man observed that his desires were of a nature similar to those of all man-

kind. Happiness was the object of his pursuit; and he fondly imagined that the possession of that inestimable treasure was inseparably connected with the attainment of our wishes.

"Young man!" exclaimed the reverend monitor, "under a supposition of the possibility of obtaining whatever you conceive essential to your felicity, tell me truly, do you believe you possess the power of moderating your desires?"

Oriander declared he had no doubt to the contrary.

"Then know," rejoined the old man, "though it is not in my power to confer absolute happiness. I have the ability to gratify your reasonable desires. Take this box as a pledge of my veracity, and regard it as a precious deposit: it contains certain rules and directions, whereby you may attain the completion of your wishes; but if once you exceed the bounds of moderation, the total loss of this treasure will be the consequence, and you will be involved in inevitable misery. Be wise; act with circumspection, and prize the blessing entrusted to your charge!"

At these words, the old man delivered a gold box, of curious workmanship, into the hands of Oriander (who received it with all the enthusiasm of gratitude,) and retired into the vineyards, from whence he came.

His mind now felt unusual agitation; he found himself labouring under so many wants of which he had lately no conception that he knew not which first to gratify. His little flock became neglected; and his first experiment was to enlarge his possessions.

The daughter of an opulent trader had long attracted his attention. He succeeded in his addresses, and received her hand in marriage. "I will now," said he to himself, "sit me down and enjoy the comforts of domestic life."

In a short time his pleasures gave way to indifference; and the charms of his fair bride which so lately kindled in his heart the flames of love, now served only to awaken the bitter pangs of a groundless jealousy.

His peace was, however, in a degree re-established by the birth of a son, who had been granted to his wishes, and who shared the fondest affections of an indulgent parent.

Oriander now began to devote his time

to study; and by consulting the contents of this box with strict attention, soon found himself master not only of the living and dead languages, but of those arts and sciences which confer honour and celebrity upon their votaries.

This sedentary course of life, to which he had hitherto been unaccustomed, subjected him to a long train of nervous disorders, which cast a gloom over his intellectual sunshine, and embittered all his solitary moments. He saw with concern the vanity of his acquirements—he found himself

"Without a rival, and without a judge."

His great abilities were hid in obscurity; he had reached the summit of classical ambition, and looked down with contempt on the multitude beneath him; yet the world passed him by without notice, nor had the voice of Fame conferred those honours, to which he conceived he had a claim.

More serious misfortunes now awoke his feelings: his only son, whose youthful talents promised a future display of extraordinary genius, fell a victim to untimely death: and ere yet he had wiped the parental tear from his eye, the tender mother, unable to sustain the shock, sought a refuge from her troubles in the oblivious tomb!

Weary of the scenes which only served to remind him of those things which *once were*, "and were most dear" to him, he resolved to devote himself to a military life, as the only method to divert his mind, and relieve him from that *ennui*, under which he had long been sinking.

He wished to know the use of the sword, and adhering to the directions of his benefactor, instantly found himself a proficient therein. In defence of his country he first took up arms, and signalized himself in many gallant actions. He had formed an intimate and particular acquaintance with a young man in the army, who was a descendant of one of the best families in Switzerland, and whose superior accomplishments and address rendered him well worthy of the most exalted esteem. At a convivial meeting, a very serious misunderstanding took place: a point of false honor opposed itself to all possibility of accommodation; a challenge on the part of Oriander was the consequence; and, to adopt the modern phrase, he had the horrid satisfaction



of bathing his sword in the blood of his dearest friend!

The public indignation was roused on this occasion, and Oriander was obliged to seclude himself, in order to avoid the vengeance of the laws. He had however, still some trusty and powerful adherents, who warmly espoused his cause, and, according to their own views, directed his measures. They long flattered, cajoled and fermented his ambition, with the most dangerous and treasonable projects. He was conscious that he possessed the power of gratifying his amplest passions; but he foresaw that, should he gain the helm of state, he could not, under the present circumstances, insure the general esteem.

Prepossessed with this idea, he therefore considered it better to rise to the summit of power, on which he had now bent his mind, rather by gradation than by a sudden exertion. Under this impression, he submitted to the council of his friends; the result of whose deliberations were, that till the public prejudices should subside, he should apply himself to merchandize; and when he should have sufficiently enriched himself thereby, and his party have gained sufficient strength and energy, they would instantly recal him, subvert the present order of things, and deliver into his hands the reins of Government.

Transported with this visionary scheme, he immediately disguised himself, retired into a maritime country, and, freighting a large vessel at a prodigious expence, embarked himself on a voyage to Brazil. They had not entered the great Atlantic, when they were overtaken by a violent storm, which baffling every human effort, soon rendered the vessel a perfect wreck: not one of the crew escaped a watery grave except Oriander, who was driven ashore, breathless and faint, on a plank; and had barely strength sufficient left to secure himself amidst the crags of the rocks from the fury of the waves.

During the raging of the storm, he had lost the power of recollection so far as to forget the invaluable charm which he carried about him, through the influence of which he might have escaped this fatal disaster. He felt in his bosom for the mysterious box: but his heart sunk within him, when he found he no longer had it in his possession!

The true sense of his unhappy situation now rushed full upon his mind: he who a few hours since was forming the most romantic schemes of future aggrandizement, found himself bereft of every hope, a poor and wretched exile, for ever cut off from society, and doomed to spend the remainder of his days beneath the fervors of a tropical sun, on a savage and inhospitable island.

With a bosom aching with the bitterest

reflections, he proceeded a little way up the country, the soil of which appeared parched and steril; but at a greater distance he discerned forests, which had never "resounded to the woodman's stroke," from whence as night advanced, the mingled howl of beasts of prey struck his ear, and filled his heart with terror. He saw no trace of human habitation, no sign of mortal footstep; but he had the good fortune to discover a spring of fresh water, at which he quenched the tormenting thirst under which he had laboured; after which, he returned again to the beach, in hopes to secure something from the wreck. He passed the night in the cleft of a huge rock, which was only accessible by one narrow winding track. When morning began to gild the ocean, he still maintained his post, though famishing with hunger, in hopes to see some vessel from which there might be a possibility of obtaining assistance.

While he was indulging his melancholy reveries, in this precarious situation, he was surprised by the appearance of a boat under sail, turning a point of land which projected into the sea, on the south side of the island; and as she drew up on the beach, he was still more astonished to observe among several other Europeans which composed her crew, the reverend old man from whom he had formerly received the mysterious box, whose loss he had just been lamenting.

At his approach he was covered with confusion; and the more so, when he found his benefactor perfectly recognised him, and silenced his complaints, which he began to make, by the following address:

"Remember, young man! the injunction I gave you, when I committed to you the greatest treasure I could confer. You placed a perfect reliance on the stability of your own resolutions; and if you have turned the blessing into a curse, to whom but yourself can you impute the blame.

"Your first step towards Happiness was wrong—in wishing to enlarge your possessions. Your second was taken, rather from avaricious motives, than from a principle of pure disinterested love.

"Your desire of an heir proceeded from a wish rather to enrich your own family than to confer deserved favours on objects of real compassion, and, out of your abundance, to relieve the wretchedness of your fellow creatures.

"In your thirst for learning, you acted only under the impulse of ambition; and, failing in this, you had recourse to the sword, to hew yourself out a passage to the temple of Fame. Hitherto, you had violated the conditions of treaty between us, and merited that series of ill success which you experienced: but your last act of ingratitude and disloyalty is not only a flagrant breach of moderation, but of all laws, human and divine. Hence you have forfeited all claim

to the inestimable gift which you have now lost; and are justly reduced to that state of misfortune, which I told you would be the consequence of your misconduct.

"See here the treasure you have been deploring!" said the old man, at the same producing the fatal box; "it is now at your option to accept or refuse it; but if you do the former, and again relapse into error—observe!—I leave you to your fate!"

Oriander was agitated with shame and remorse; and, acknowledging his frailty, begged that his fortitude might no more be put to the test. "I have seen," said he, "that a man might be ruined by the accomplishment of his wishes, and gratify his passions without adding to his felicity! I have now only one favour to ask—which is, that you will return me safe to my humble situation in which you found me, nor suffer me to become the victim of my own indiscretions.

The old man commiserating his misfortunes, promised to grant his request. The boat was ready to convey him to a ship, which now appeared in the offing; by which he was soon restored to his native country and former state, in which he spent the remainder of his days in peace and content; having learnt by experience, that the power who created knows best how to dispose of his creatures; and when he leaves them to themselves, they pursue their own destruction.

## POLITICS.

From the United States Literary Gazette.

ON THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

(Concluded.)

To revert then to the train of reasoning from which we started, it is plain, that, if, in consideration of our duplication in numbers attended only by a corresponding duplication of national wealth, our public debt may be looked on as half paid off at the end of twenty-three or four years, when we consider that our national wealth increases much more rapidly than this, the burden of the public debt will decline much more rapidly also. The number of fertile acres over which the burden is equalized, the number of vigorous and industrious arms able to contribute toward defraying the public charges, is increasing in stupendous progression.

Without yielding any apology for public extravagance,—for which nothing can apologize; the state of things, to which we have adverted, shows the propriety of permitting the existence of a moderate and well regulated funding system in this country. An ingenious essay is contained in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, of which



the object is to show the vicious policy of raising money by loans, instead of by supplies within the year. In a stationary or in a very slowly advancing state, the loan policy is of course entirely delusive, incapable of diminishing the burden of the public charges, and if carried to great lengths must end in national bankruptcy, if not in revolution. But in a country whose wealth is rapidly increasing, it is a sound and good policy to divide the burden of an extraordinary conjuncture of affairs, not merely with a posterity as able as ourselves to pay it, but far richer, far abler. This principle is constantly acted upon in private life. How many of our young men procure their education at an expense far beyond their immediate resources, and to be defrayed out of the fruits of their industry in life. The term *posterity* hardly applies to a prosperous and growing nation. It is the same political and social organization, stronger and richer, better able to make efforts, and to bear burdens. Such a posterity surely is not wronged by being made to bear a part of the burden of revolutions and wars, to which it owes its privileges.

In thus setting forth the astonishing progress of our own country, in numbers and wealth, we of course do not mean to say that other countries are making no progress. It is true there are no countries in Europe, which have our vast quantity of unoccupied land, acting as a constant stimulus to population; nor any country where a population, doubling every twenty-three years, is constantly employed in extracting abundance from a boundless extent of soil. Still however, in many of the countries of Europe strong principles of improvement are at work; and consequently of increase in wealth. In England, the great perfection to which the mechanical arts have been brought within seventy years, and the increase of wealth resulting from this and some other causes, have produced effects almost as important as those which, in this country, we trace to the mere healthy action of our system. The author of the article, to which we have alluded, in the Edinburgh Review, has made use of this circumstance to save the credit of Hume's prediction, relative to a national bankruptcy, when the debt should amount to one hundred millions of pounds. The author of this article says this event has been kept off, not by the efficacy of the funding system, but by the Arkwrights, Watts, &c. But the true principle we take to be that which we have stated already, that increase of national wealth is diminution of national debt. It admits little doubt that England is ten times richer than she was when Hume made his prediction: although it may be granted that he went too far in saying that a debt of one hundred millions, even in the last century, would have produced a bankrupt-

cy in England. If England is ten times richer than when Hume made his prophecy, then, as her debt does not amount to ten times one hundred millions of pounds, the case, which he puts, has not yet occurred. How much farther the debt of that nation may run, without bankruptcy, is matter of doubt. Upon the whole, we think there is little reason to charge Hume, on this occasion, with extravagant miscalculation.

The mighty increase of our country in numbers and wealth, admits several other applications: at which, however we have room only to hint.

The intellectual character of a nation, and of an age, results of course from the combined action and mutual reaction of the individuals who compose them. In a country whose numbers are very slowly increasing, are stationary, or are declining, the rising and risen generations are equally balanced; and an easy transmission of manners and opinions, as of hereditary titles, fortunes and domains, is made from father to son. The case is very different in a country, where every period of ten years makes new divisions in society; where new towns, counties, and states are continually springing up; where men are born, not to a narrow inheritance of obsolete functions, but to go out into new regions, & be the legislators and the chieftains of rising generations; where new prizes for industry are perpetually offered; new markets for trade opened new conjunctures in civil administration brought about; new positions, social, political and moral, taken. If to this *novelty* of career, we add the extraordinary life and activity resulting from our rapid growth, & the earnestness of competition, which will spring from it, we have reason to predict that our country will make a call on the efforts of her sons, such as has scarce ever been felt in any other region. It will ere long, if it does not already, demand an enterprise, an energy, a courage, a manliness of character from its children, proportioned, not merely to the extent of its territories, but to the indefinitely increasing numbers of its thinking, reasoning, voting men. The old specifics for strong government, the sword and the axe, will be here of no avail: and those who administer our affairs will be required to bring to their duty a singleness and a disinterestedness of purpose, as well as a power and skill, not called for from the inmates of the luxurious cabinets of Europe. What will be the character of the next age in this country is to be decided, not by prescriptions descending from the former, but by the direction, which may be taken by twice as many active minds as now exist in the country, influencing, modifying, and balancing each other. We are much in the wrong if the effect of this state of things be not, to give new importance in education to the study of human nature and to the

arts more immediately exercised in social intercourse, and to throw into the shade the merely speculative and learned acquisitions.

### HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

The custom of giving liveries, so general throughout Europe, is derived from the practice in the feudal times among kings and princes of delivering (*livres*) garments to their nobles on high festivals. Thus St. Louis, by a pious fraud, engaged several of his nobility to attend him in his crusade, by giving them their liveries in the dark. They discovered not therefore till the next morning, that crosses were sewed on the shoulder of each.

The bare acceptance of this present was often an engagement to serve the donor for a year.

Henry VIII. had considerable humour about him, as the following story proves. Having lost himself one day while hunting in Windsor forest, he at last got to the Abbey of Reading, where being in disguise, he passed as one of the king's guards; and as such was invited to dine with the Abbot. A sirloin of beef was the principal dish, on which his majesty fared heartily. The Abbot observing the strength of his appetite, said, "Well fare thy heart, and here in a cup of sack I remember the health of his grace your master. I would give an hundred pounds on the condition that I could feed so heartily on beef as you do. Alas! my weak squeamish stomach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or chicken." The king having finished his entertainment, and drank to the better health of the Abbot, departed without having his quality discovered.

A few weeks after this, the Abbot was sent for by a king's messenger, and committed close prisoner to the tower, where he was kept some time on bread and water. At last a *sirloin of beef* was set before him, on which the Abbot dined heartily. When he had finished, the king came out from a private place where he had observed the Abbot's change of appetite, and thus accosted him: "My lord, either presently down with your hundred pounds, or no going from hence all the days of your life. I have been your physician to cure you of your squeamish stomach, and here, as I deserve, I demand the fee for the same." With this the Abbot was necessitated to comply, and returned to his Abbey.

Lord Chatham.—It was by the king's friends, as they are called, thought a very great presumption in this high-minded minister to declare, that he would not be responsible for measures that he was not allowed to guide. What, indeed, can be more sensible



and more honest than this declaration? Is a prime minister, because some of his colleagues are of a different opinion from him, to see armies waste away, and fleets become useless; to behold money ineffectually squandered away that has been wrung from the sweat of the brow, and at the sacrifice of many of the necessities of life, from the people of a great and commercial nation? Lord Chatham thought otherwise, and in certain situations, in which he held himself justified, not only opposed his brother ministers, but the sovereign himself. The following Anecdote, which was communicated by his under-secretary of state, Mr. Wood, to a friend of his, is a striking proof of his honesty and energy of mind in this respect.--

Lord Chatham had appointed Mr. Wolfe to command at the siege of Quebec, and as he told him that he could not give him so many forces as he required for that expedition, he would make it up as well to him as he could, by giving him the appointment of all his officers. Mr. Wolfe sent in his list, included in which was a gentleman who was obnoxious to the sovereign, then George II. for some advice, which as a military man, he had given to his son the Duke of Cumberland. Lord Ligonier, then Secretary at War, took in the list to the king, who (as he expected) made some objections to a particular name, and refused to sign the commission. Lord Chatham sent him into the closet a second time with no better success. Lord Ligonier refused to go in a third time at Lord Chatham's suggestion. He was, however, told, that he should lose his place if he did not; and that on his presenting the name to the sovereign he should tell him the peculiar situation of the state of the expedition, and that in order to make any general completely responsible for his conduct, he should be made, as much as possible, inexcusable if he does not succeed; and that, in consequence, whatever an officer, who was entrusted with any service of confidence and of consequence, desired, should, if possible, be complied with. Lord Ligonier went in a third time, and told his sovereign what he was directed to tell him. The good sense of this, so completely disarmed his resentment, that he signed the particular commission as he was desired.

Soon after sir Robert Walpole had taken away his Ensign's commission from this extraordinary man, he used to drive himself about the country in a one horse chaise, without a servant. At each town to which he came, the people gathered round about his carriage, and received him with the loudest acclamation. Lord Chatham, different from the great men of our times, thought very highly of the effects of dress and of dignity of manner upon mankind. He was never seen on business without a

full dress coat and a tye wig, and he never permitted his under-secretaries to sit down before him. A general officer was once asked by Mr. Pitt, how many men he should require for a certain expedition? "Ten thousand," was the answer. "You shall have twelve thousand," said Mr. Pitt, "and then if you do not succeed, you are responsible for the event." Of a late Premier eight thousand men were asked for a certain service—"Cannot you do with six thousand?" was the reply.

Lord Chatham told the learned physician who attended him, as he was speaking in the House of Lords, when he was seized with that illness which brought him in a few days afterwards to the grave, that when falling, he was about to recommend to that assembly to address the king, that prince Ferdinand might be placed at the head of the troops that were sent from this country to America.

There is a curious origin given by an ingenious writer for the *fleurs de lis* in the French arms. The Franks, he tells us, who first penetrated into Gaul, had, among other emblems, the figures of bees by way of device or achievement; it being common for barbarous nations to distinguish their different tribes from one another by the representations of animals. But as the skill of the Franks in drawing was not all superior to that of the natives of America, the Gauls conceived that the bees of the Franks were intended for toads, and considering that as a disgusting emblem, converted it into the *fleur de lis*, without altering much however of the original form, which is still discoverable. It was natural for barbarians, issuing from their forests in swarms, with a chief or king as their conductor, to chuse bees as their proper device.

#### MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

The following interesting picture, sketched from the manners of the simple inhabitants of Wales, is the production of an anonymous writer, and first appeared in an English periodical publication. It possesses so many beauties, that we think our readers will thank us for its insertion.

"On entering the church-yard at the little town of Llanwair, in Wales, I was particularly struck with the remarkable custom that prevails over the northern part of that country, of planting the graves of departed friends with various evergreens, and all the choicest gifts of Flora's hand. Box, thrift, and other plants fit for edgings, are planted round the shape of the grave, for a border, and every flower that adorns the smart parterre is placed within, so that the taste of the living may here be known by the manner of embellishing these mansions of the

dead. The snow-drop, violet, and primrose denote the infant dust; the rocket, rose, and woodbine shew maturer years; while tansy, rue, and starwort mark declining life. Each hath his little evergreen, fond emblem of that perennial state where change is known no more. Nor are they, when once planted, left to be overrun by the luxuriance of less delicate neighbours, but constantly weeded and cherished by the hands of nearest friends of the deceased, who appropriate every Saturday afternoon for that pious remembrance of departed worth.—I approached with respect a young female, removing the obtrusive weeds; she turned her head, and showed a beautiful countenance, still more interesting from grief. "I come here (said she) to weep over my dear brother—I had but one—he was a brother—I frequently pray that my brother may flourish in paradise like this rose on his grave. I have been told that I ought not to pray for the dead; but I find my heart better after it; and I feel a stronger desire to be holy, that I may be the sooner fit to go to him.—"

#### THE NILE.

Having taken passage on board a vessel of the Country for Cairo, we sailed up the canal, the shores of which presented nothing but sand and barrenness to the view. But how delightfully the scene was changed, when, on coming upon deck early the next morning, we perceived the vessel going slowly down the Nile! It was just before sunrise, and the softest hues were spreading all over the horizon. The shores were covered with groves of palm, among which were numerous villages, while here and there the white thin minaret rose into the air, and a universal stillness reigned throughout the scene. It was impossible to find oneself, for the first time, on this celebrated river without the liveliest emotion. The boat stopped for some hours at the town of Foua.

Having bathed in the river I walked through the town: though so early, the shops were open, and fruit selling in the streets; more than one good Moslem, who had just risen from his bed, had taken his seat without his door, and with the Koran in his hand was reading the Prophet's splendid promises, or teaching his child his prayers. Even in this town there were twelve mosques, and the Muezzin, from the top of the minaret, had begun to call to prayers. This cry, in so still a country as Egypt, and heard at the dawn or night from a distance, has an effect the most beautiful and solemn that can be conceived. The Orientals choose those who have the most powerful and melodious voices for this service. Often on the Nile in Upper Egypt, when the silence of the desert has been around, that cry has come from afar:—"There is but one God—God alone is great and eternal, and Mohammed is his prophet," like the voice of an undying being calling from the upper air. The Nile is, in



general, a calm and beautiful river, about a quarter or half a mile wide, frequently less: during the inundation it often spreads two or three miles in width. Having returned on board, instead of some rice and a piece of buffaloe, which I had pictured might be the fare in Egypt, I found a traveller might have his luxuries here as well as in more civilized lands, as my breakfast consisted of new bread, milk warm from the cow, coffee of the East, delicious grapes, and fresh cheese. On board were a number of passengers of various descriptions. Among them was a Janizary above the common rank, on his way to Cairo, where he had a home: he was a little man, well dressed and armed, and amused himself with abusing the Arabs; and having spread his handsome carpet on the deck, and reclined on it with his pipe, he looked about him like a lord: he had three or four mistresses. On the deck, beneath a canopy, and attended by her black slaves, sat an Egyptian lady: she sometimes allowed a portion of her features to appear, and, though in general shrouded from view, contrived to see very well all that was going on upon deck, as we found, by the occasional loud peals of laughter that came from behind the curtain: once or twice she sent us a present of some sweetmeats. In a small cabin adjoining ours, were two Frenchmen, who laughed and talked as if they were in Paris, took their meals *a la Francaise*, the *dejeune a la fourchette* at eleven, and dined at six in defiance of Orientalism: there were sundry other passengers of less note. Our progress was rather slow, as the crew appeared indifferent sailors; but nothing could be more lovely than to glide along at night in the calm cloudless moonlight: amidst such scenery it was difficult to close one's eyes in sleep. The effect of the moonlight on the eyes in this country is singularly injurious: the natives tell you, as I found they also afterwards did in Arabia, always to cover your eyes when you sleep in the open air. It is rather strange that passage in the Psalms, "the sun shall not strike thee by day, nor the moon by night," should not have been thus illustrated, as the illusion seems direct. The moon here really strikes and affects the sight, when you sleep exposed to it, much more than the sun: a fact of which I had a very unpleasant proof one night, and took care to guard against afterwards: indeed the sight of a person, who slept with his face exposed at night, would soon be utterly impaired or destroyed.

—*New M. Mag.*

#### A LECTURE UPON HEADS.

Which is the most prolific and inexhaustible—which has the greater capacity—the material, or the intellectual world? If any man, fully competent to analyse this question, should give judgment in favor of the former, I would tell him that his decision refutes itself, confirming the mastery of mind by the very act of its exercise even pronouncing its own inferiority. It is indeed wonderful, stupendous, overpowering, to

contemplate the external world, its planetary system, its various elements, and the infinite diversity of their productions, human, animal, vegetable, and mineral: but how much more astonishing that all these wonders should be condensed & epitomized in the narrow limits of a single skull! Within that little focus of miracles the system of the universe performs its evolutions; all the forms, colours, attributes, and combinations of matter, are classified and arranged as in a microscopic museum; and yet there is space enough left within its diminutive verge for another and a vaster universe—for the metaphysical world, the interminable subtleties of reason, and the whole boundless range of the imagination. It is difficult to fix the limit of what may be acquired by the human faculties, for we hardly know the exact boundaries of the faculties themselves. Who shall unriddle the mystery of the American calculating boy, a raw uneducated child, whose intuitive knowledge of arithmetic enabled him by some mental process, inscrutable even to himself, to give an instant solution to questions that would puzzle the most practised calculators "with all appliances and means to boot?" It seems to give us a slight glimpse of omniscience when this knowledge flashes upon us; when the lightning cleaves the sky, we appear to catch a momentary revelation of the innermost glories of Heaven. Monsters of intellect may have existed in the olden time, and have become extinct, just as the mammoth and the megatherium have disappeared from the animal world; and probably for the same reason in both instances—because such gigantic powers were incompatible with the safety or existence of the inferior tribes. Heaven defend us from a revival of the four-footed visitations; for we have alarming symptoms of a new race of mental Titans. What is the "Great Unknown" but a literary mammoth, whose Titanian powers and commensurate voracity have enabled him to swallow up and exterminate a whole generation of inferior novelists and romance-writers? Books seem to come out of his head as Minerva did out of Jupiter's, all ready equipped for the lists; one succeeds to another with inexhaustible fluency, and those who look to any interruption of the stream need be as patient as the worthy rustic who stood by the river-side waiting till its current should have run itself dry. Verily a head like his is in itself an answer to the question with which I commenced.

And yet to what base uses do we often apply this most exquisite and mysterious appendage. Some, converting it into a snuff-box, are perpetually thrusting in that nasty compost through the keyhole of the nose; some babble it into a chatter-box, wagging their unfatigued tongues like a cherry-clapper to warn the cautious from their premi-

ses; and others degrade it into a strong box to hold nothing but title-deeds, mortgages, reversions, and calculations for making money. With Sir Epicure it is a cave of Cacus, into whose mouth whole droves of dainties are made to enter, but which have "nulla vestigia retrorsum," no good things being ever suffered to escape from that dumb sarcophagus. There are gallants, who, knowing the value of what they carry upon their shoulders, shall, for the fair equivalent of a shilling a day, offer their sconces as targets for bayonets and balls, or as butts for sabres; sometimes this most useful piece of furniture serves as a block for wigs, or a peg whereon to hang a hat; and there are grave and reverend signors, who by merely shaking it affirmatively or negatively with the accompanying monosyllable *ay* or *no*, shall not only carry on the affairs of the Nation, but make their own prosper more flourishingly than if the afore-said excrement were filled with brains and fraught with eloquence.—*ib.*

#### THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1824.

#### THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

We have so often had occasion to complain of the obloquy and abuse bestowed upon American literature in Europe, that it is peculiarly gratifying to be able to record one instance in which a very honorable testimony has been given of its value and importance.

The prohibition of the North American Review by the existing government of France,—a government composed of men so *ultra* ignorant and tyrannical as to have established a systematic opposition to the dissemination of knowledge in general, and that of the principles of freedom in particular—is a proof of the superior merit of this work, of which its conductors have just reason to be proud, and there is little doubt that it will be suitably appreciated in the United States.

The 43th number of this Review has just been received in this place;—it contains (among others,) a very well written article on Brown's Philosophy of the mind, and one on Faux's tour in the United States, which altho' it is also well written, and gentlemanly, and spirited, yet we consider it injudicious, inasmuch as it raises an outrageously silly and insignificant compilation of falsehoods to an importance unmerited even by works that have been written, for a similar purpose, by men possessing some pretensions to literary talent. The reason given for the notice of it, viz, the adoption of such trash by men of respectability and by literary journals of a commanding char-



acter, if it were sufficient, does not appear to exist so fully as to justify the attention paid it in this instance, for Earls and Barons if they are silly or base enough to patronize men of such character as Faux, are not worthy to be considered as respectable, where their titles are of no weight; and the Quarterly Review, however commanding its character may have been in England, formerly, is now rapidly sinking into insignificance, from which it does not deserve to be recalled by any notice from a work that has obtained the honourable distinction of incurring the enmity of one of the members of the Holy Alliance.

The American publishers of the Quarterly Review merit the severest censures upon this occasion, for endeavouring to conceal the nakedness and shame of the work which they are circulating among the American people, by suppressing the article on Faux's tour. The true character of a journal which has been so extensively read in the United States, and which ventures in a magisterial tone to discuss all subjects, whether of religion or politics, of profound science or polite literature, ought to be known to its readers; and to those in this country, nothing could give a better exemplification of its utter disregard of candor, of truth and principle, of its habit of unhesitatingly making use of the most egregious falsehoods & of the silliest scandal, to delude the British public, than the article in question. To endeavour seriously to refute such an article is as much a work of supererogation as gravely to bring forward facts to prove, that the weather is colder in winter than in summer—that the British government is more corrupt, and the people more oppressed, than those of the United States,—or to labour to convince a person that an event to which he was an eyewitness had really happened—or to argue in favour of any well known and universally acknowledged doctrine.

The beneficial influence of our republican institutions, and the happiness they are capable of conferring on mankind, are constantly exemplified by the dread which their example excites in those governments that are inimical to the progress of the principles of freedom, whose object is to concentrate all power in the hands of the few;—and which dread is exhibited in one country by the proscription of such works as tend to enlighten and improve the understanding, and in another by employing mercenary libellers, by the aid of falsehood and misrepresentation, to prevent the real effects of a good government from being known to those whom they wish to retain in subjection to one which they are endeavouring to render still more arbitrary than it is at present.

## LITERARY AND Scientific Notices.

In the press, at Andover;—An Elementary Course of Biblical Theology, translated from the work of Professors Storr and Flatt, with additions by S. S. Schmucker, A. M. Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, Newmarket, Va.

The *North American Review* has been proscribed in France. By a formal order of the government its title is inserted in the list of prohibited books, and the custom-house officers are commanded not to suffer it to pass through their hands into the country. Booksellers are also forbidden to have it on sale, and it is subject to be seized when found in any person's possession.

The Vermont papers mention that Zerah Colburn, the arithmetical prodigy, proposes to open a school for instruction in English Literature and the French language. It is said he still retains his extraordinary powers; and is able to explain the method by which he arrives at his computations.

*Alleghany College.*—At the commencement of Alleghany College, Meadville, (Pa.) on the 7th ult. the degree of A. B. was conferred on one young gentleman, that of A. M. on four alumni. The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on the Rev. George Weller, of Maryland, and that of M. D. on Stephen Brown, of New York.

## Summary.

*Naval.*—Capt. Jacob Jones has been appointed one of the Navy Commissioners. The Board is now composed of Captains Bainbridge, (President) Morris and Jones. Capt. Chauncey will take command of the station at New York, and Capt. Biddle or Barron, (should the latter be again called into service,) will probably be appointed to the command of the Philadelphia station.

Albany, (N. Y.) August 5th, 1824.

"The whole of the 4th was occupied in debating Mr. Wheaton's motion to lay the resolutions for immediate adjournment on the table. At 7 o'clock in the evening, the motion was put and carried, 67 to 49—it is regarded as an unequivocal determination on the part of the assembly, to pass, if possible, the *Electoral Bill*.

"The Senate remains firm, and it is supposed they will not recede."

*Convention with Russia.*—The 1st article authorizes the free navigation of the Pacific Ocean, by both parties, and recognizes the right of fishing, and of landing on all points of the West Coast not already

occupied, in order to trade with the aborigines.

2d article provides, that the citizens or subjects of neither country shall land at points occupied by either, without the permission of the Governor or Commandant.

3d article fixes the boundary line at 54° north of which the United States are not to form establishments, and south of which Russia cannot advance.

4th article allows free entrance, to both parties, for ten years, into all gulphs, harbors, &c. of each, for the purpose of fishing and trading with the natives.

5th article interdicts a trade in fire arms and liquors; and provides that violations of this article shall be punished, not by seizure of the vessel, but by penalties, to be prescribed by each government, on its own citizens or subjects.

6th. This article prescribes that the ratification shall be exchanged within ten months from the date of the treaty.

*A Lead Mine*, presumed to be very extensive, has lately been discovered upon the farm of Dr. Martin Hupp, of Shenandoah county, Va.

At a late public sale of Saxony sheep, which took place in the vicinity of Boston. the Hon. Samuel Lathrop, of West Springfield, purchased a ram, ewe and lamb, for all which he gave \$153, 25. Hon. Joseph Strong, of South Hadley, bought a ram for \$148, which was the highest sale in the flock. Several gentlemen from other states attended the sale.

The Eastport Sentinel contains the account of the capture of two more American fishermen, by British cruisers—whether they are captured within or without the pale of the treaty limits it is difficult to determine, as there are always two sides of a story. By the late convention with Great Britain "American fishermen have a right to enter the bays and harbours on the coast of Nova Scotia for repairing damages therein, and for procuring wood and water." If they were only exercising a right in pursuance of this provision, they must of course be given up. It is added, that by the several captures a great number of men are thrown out of employ, and their season's work ruined. A representation of the facts has gone on to government.

*Iturbide.*—No accounts of the arrival of this adventurer in Mexico have been received. The Mexican government had taken measures to arrest and punish him as a traitor, on his arrival in any part of the republic. Their agent in London, informed them, that ITURBIDE had required of him to advance him \$12,000, on account of his salary, or in advance on his private property in Mexico; and that he had assured the



agent that he had been obliged to sell some jewels to obtain funds for his immediate wants, and that on his journey through Frankfort he was compelled to part with pearls belonging to his wife, which cost him in Mexico \$14,000, but on which he could get advanced only \$3500.

*Foreign news by last night's mail.*

The ship *Stephania*, Captain. Macy, in 29 days from Havre arrived at New-York on Saturday morning 7th inst. By this arrival Paris dates have been received the 24 of June inclusive.

#### LA FAYETTE.

*Extract of a letter from a Gentleman in France, dated,*

HAVRE DE GRACE,  
June 14, 1824.

"Almost the last hour I spent in Paris was in company with the venerable La Fayette—although 67 years old, he has preserved to that advanced age that vigor of mind and body which we do not always find in those that are much younger. He is very plain in his manners—speaks English fluently. The first time I saw this distinguished votary of '76, was in company with the celebrated General *Fucy* and about fifteen or twenty Americans—the General seeing such a number of us together, all for the same object, said to Gen. La Fayette, "Your children (pointing to us) are the most affectionate in the world." The old veteran rose from his seat, with tears trembling in his eyes, and taking us affectionately by the hands, said, "Indeed you are my children." His doors are ever open to the Americans, and there are very few who visit France without seeing him.

"While on my last visit with Mr. Barnet, American Consul, Capt. Macy, of the fine new ship *Stephania*, one of the line of Packets between Havre and New-York, called to ask the General if he would accept of his cabin, and do him the honor to take passage with him to the United States.—This is the fifth or sixth application of the kind he has received since it has been known that he had declined the provision made by Congress for conveying him to the United States. I think it probable that he will leave Paris about the 10th of July, and most likely go out in the *Stephania*—but it is by no means certain.

In the way of political news, I have none to give to you. This country is in a very prosperous condition, but the people are losing rapidly the little liberty they have left. The longer I remain in Europe the more I am convinced of the happy condition of our country, and have often thanked my God that I am an American.

*Death of Cesar A. Rodney, Esq.*—The Buenos Ayres *Argos* of the 12th of June, says that Mr. C. A. Rodney, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, and our most distinguished friend, died in this city on the 10th inst. at six o'clock in the morning.

It is our duty to manifest, as it has been evinced by the whole city, the grief which is felt for this lamentable occurrence,

The English exercise at this moment great influence at Lisbon, and send to Gibraltar immense quantities of victuals and ammunitions.

It appears that the French Journal, called the *Quotidiennes*, has been conducted by two editors, who differed in the opinion of Chateaubriand, one taking sides with, and the other against the disgraced minister; the consequence is that each publishes a separate paper under the original title.

*Greece.*—The following letter from the Greek deputation in London, expresses the sense entertained by the Greeks in relation to the sympathy which our citizens have manifested for their cause. It is addressed to the Greek Committee in New York, in reply to a letter to the Hon. Richard Rush, ambassador from the United States to Great Britain, announcing the arrival in England, of the funds collected in the United States to aid the Greeks in recovering their freedom.

GREEK DEPUTATION, June 12, 1824.

GENTLEMEN,—His excellency Mr. Rush, your Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at this court, has noticed to us the arrival of the remittance of £6,600, made by you to Messrs. Baring & Co. to be placed through our medium at the disposal of our government.

We have advised our government of it, and have already considered the proper means to consign that sum as speedily as possible, to Greece; and though we are fully aware that our country will hasten to express officially its gratitude to the liberal and feeling Americans, yet we feel it a duty incumbent on us, as her deputies, to assure them in her name, and in that of our fellow citizens, of the sincere gratitude which so generous and benevolent a deed must necessarily inspire in the hearts of all the Greeks.

Victorious in the struggle, which the defence of their lives and religion necessitated them, though unprovided with weapons, to undertake, they have sustained that strife with the arms they have snatched from the hands of their enemies themselves, and see the fourth year of their revolution approach under favourable auspices. Every thing is in the most flattering situation in Greece, and our countrymen will be able to give the same reception to the land and sea forces, which the Porte prepares to send against them, as they gave them last year.

The valour, the experience, and the resources of the Greeks increase, and will enable them to consolidate their independence, whilst among their enemies discour-

agement and the want of means daily gain ground.

From this (and leaving on one side the accounts that have been received of the accident which took place at Cairo, and which will prevent the Viceroy from leading an army against Greece this year: as also that the Divan is incapable of equipping, at present, an army or fleet) it is almost certain that Greece needs no longer fear from the barbarians any hindrance in completing her great undertaking.

The money which was so much wanted last year, is now provided, by the loan which we have effected, and when we add to the above advantages the sympathy and benevolence of the United States of America in favour of Greece, which we cannot too greatly appreciate, from our desire to establish the system of politics which they possess in our country; when we consider this, we feel a secret and gratifying assurance that our efforts will not be baffled, and that Greece will issue, like the U. States, from the honourable struggle which in so many respects resembles their own.

Whilst we cherish the hope that our government may be able to establish a correspondence with yours, we are happy that in those journals, which till lately it wanted the means of circulating, and in which it now gives publicity to the heroic deeds of its citizens, it can inform the people of the universe of the benevolence of the United States, who so kindly co-operated to open the path of independence to those that seek that flowery way.

We, both in our public and individual capacities, beg of you to inform your fellow citizens of our grateful sentiments, and that their liberality will always have a strong claim on those returns which the Divine Providence may enable Greece to give.

Be assured of the sentiments of profound consideration with which we have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient and faithful servants,

JOHN ORLANDO.  
AND. LURIOTTS.

To the Philhellenic Committee of New York.

#### THE PHLOMATHIC ATHENÆUM,

Has been removed from the Western Museum, to Col. Carr's building on Third, east of Main street, east room second story. It will henceforth be open regularly on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 3 to 6 o'clock, P. M.

The society have lately received, Mitford's History of Greece. 8 vols. 8vo. The adventures of Hajji Baba, a Persian story, 2 vols. Redgauntlet, 2 vols. two copies.



## POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

## TO MISS

By yon sun of golden hue,  
By the heaven's celestial blue,  
By the image I love most true,  
This heart can ne'er forget thee.

By yon rose in vernal pride,  
By the heart to heart allied,  
By yon sea's unruffled tide,  
Thro' grief, thro' joy, I'll love thee.

By fond mem'ry's busy pow'r,  
By young love's illusive hour,  
By the dew that gems the flow'r,  
Nor time, nor clime can change me.

By contentment's humble cheer,  
By the soul to friendship dear,  
By chaste Woman's sacred tear,  
I swear, oh! ne'er to grieve thee.

By the emblem of the dove,  
By the hope of man above,  
By the holy light of love,  
This heart shall ne'er forget thee.

JUAN.

Newport, Ky.

## SELECTED.

The tear I shed must ever fall,  
I mourn not for an absent swain,  
For thought may past delights recall,  
And parted lovers meet again.  
I weep not for the silent dead,  
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,  
And those they lov'd their steps shall tread,  
And death shall join to part no more.

Tho' boundless oceans roll'd between,  
If certain that his heart is near,  
A conscious transport glads each scene;  
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.  
Even when by death's cold hand removed,  
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,  
To think that e'en in death he lov'd,  
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears  
Of her who slighted love bewails;  
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,  
No pleasing melancholy hails.  
Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,  
Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy;  
The flattering veil is rent aside,  
The flame of Love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew  
The hours once tinged in transport's dye;  
The sad reverse soon starts to view,  
And turns the past to agony.  
E'en time itself despairs to cure  
Those pangs to every feeling due;  
Ungenerous youth! thy boast, how poor;  
To win a heart--and break it too.

No cold approach, no alter'd mein,  
Just what would make suspicion start;  
No pause, the dire extremes between;  
He made me blest, and broke my heart.  
From Hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,  
Neglected and neglecting all;  
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,  
The tears I shed must ever fall!

## ON THE EYES.

Tell not me of size or hue,  
Jetty black, or azure blue,  
Hazel, sober, grey, or brown;  
If they're clouded by a frown,  
And without expression fraught,  
Or signs of treason and of thought,  
They'll never please.

But, though sparkling with delight,  
Or with sorrow dark as night;  
Tho' their lustre dimm'd by woe,  
Or by bashfulness cast low;  
If oft gemm'd by Pity's tear,  
Let their owner never fear;  
They'll surely please.

From the Northern Whig.

## THORNS AMONG THE ROSES.

Her darling son a mother ey'd,  
(His childish gambols playing,)  
When suddenly with joy he cried,  
As near a rose-bud straying,  
I'll seize the blushing flow'rs so fair,  
Which yonder bush discloses—  
Nay, touch them not, my son, for there  
Are thorns among the roses.

He seiz'd the flow'rs with eager force,  
Of good advice unheeding;  
His stubbornness soon brought remorse,  
His hand was torn and bleeding—  
Hush! naughty child, the mother says,  
And cease your idle grieving,  
And learn from this—appearances  
Are oftentimes deceiving.

As on in youth's bright path you go,  
Where many a flower's reveal'd,  
Remember those that fairest blow  
Have sharpest thorns conceal'd:  
Be this charge written on your breast,  
And let not time annul it—  
Whatever flower thou likest best,  
Examine ere you cull it.

From the United States Literary Gazette.

## MIDNIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

By thy dusky mantle streaming,  
By the stars that there are gleaming,  
By thy lone and solemn sky,  
Darkening on the pensive eye,  
By thy wild waves as they sweep  
Constant through the gloomy deep,  
Night! we hail thy solemn noon,  
Sky without or cloud or moon!

Swiftly gliding o'er the ocean,  
Rides the bark with rapid motion,

Waves are foaming at the prow,  
Trembling waters round her flow,  
Midnight hears the lonely sound,  
Through her ocean caves profound;  
Night! we hail thy solemn noon,  
Sky without or cloud or moon!

Sailor, on thy restless pillow,  
Why so tranquil on the billow?  
Sailor, when thy vessels roam,  
Think'st thou not of native home?  
But when midnight shuts the scene,  
Hark! he sings with heart serene—  
Night! we hail thy solemn noon,  
Sky without or cloud or moon!

Weary wanderer, sadly roving  
Far from home and all that's loving,  
Midnight lulls thy soul to peace,  
Then thy griefs and sorrows cease;  
Join us then in that wild strain,  
Sighing o'er the heaving main,  
Night! we hail thy solemn noon,  
Sky without or cloud or moon!

## THE BLIND MAN'S LAMENT.

O where are the visions of ecstasy bright  
That can burst o'er the darkness, and banish the  
night!

O where are the charms that the day can unfold  
To the heart and the eye that their glories can  
hold?

Deep, deep in the silence of sorrow I mourn—  
For no visions of beauty for me shall e'er burn!

They have told me of sweet purple hues in the  
west,  
Of the rich tints that sparkle on ocean's wide  
breast;  
They have told me of stars that are burning on  
high,  
When the night is careering along the vast sky;  
But alas! there remains wheresoe'er I flee,  
Nor beauty, nor lustre, nor brightness for me!

But yet, to my lone gloomy couch there is given  
A ray to my heart that is kindled in Heaven;  
It soothes the dark path through this valley of tears,  
It enlivens my heart, and my sorrow it cheers,  
For it tells of a morn when this night shall pass by,  
And my spirit shall dwell where the days do not  
die. E—N.

## EPIGRAM.

"What's more pow'rful," Damon cries,  
"Than my lovely Flavia's eyes?"  
Arch young Thyrsis, envious swain,  
Quick replies, "I'll tell you plain,  
What the conquest has undone,  
Which these pow'rful eyes have won;  
Both alike to her belong—  
Damon, Damon—'tis her tongue."

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